

JUNE-JULY 1991

ANIMAL COMICS

UNCLE WIGGILY

ALBERT & POGO

ROVER • JIGGER

ZOO ANIMAL PHOTOS





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The Giant Panda inhabits a very limited area of approximately 400 miles long and 75 miles wide in the western part of China. The Chinese call this black-and-white clown of the animal world, *pei-hsiung* or white bear. However, the Giant Panda is not a bear but belongs to the raccoon family. There are two Pandas, one is the well known large black and white Giant Panda and the other is the Common Panda or "Firecat." The latter bears very little resemblance to the Giant Panda, for it is somewhat reddish-brown in color, looks in appearance, and about the size of a small raccoon.

Apparently the Giant Panda was not seen alive by white man until 1916, and it wasn't until 1937 that the first live specimen was exhibited in this country. The Chinese government restricts the exportation of this rare animal.

All evidence seems to show that the panda is a strict vegetarian and in its native habitat its only food seems to be that of bamboo; mainly the twigs and leaves. In captivity it is fed bamboo, a mixture of corn-meal mush, honey, and pabulum.

Pandas love to climb and although their affairs appear clumsy, they are persistent, and finally, through constant effort and many comical twists and turns, they reach their intended destination much to the delight of onlookers. Striking color markings and comical antics have made the Giant Panda one of the most widely known and best loved animals in the world, where only a generation ago, no one had ever heard of this bear-like creature.



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ROVER

SAY, MIKE! THERE'S LAND NOW! AND A GOOD THING FOR US!

THERE IS NOTHING WORSE THAN BEING OUT OF WATER AT SEA—AND THAT IS EXACTLY WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO ROVER AND RED AND MIKE WITH HIS PUPPY FEARLESS.

I'LL CERTAINLY BE GLAD TO SEE THAT PIECE OF GROUND, MIKE! THAT WAS A CLOSE ONE I'LL TELL YOU!

BOY, AM I THIRSTY!

YES! AND SO ARE THOSE POOR DOGS, MIKE—BUT WE'LL BE ALL RIGHT NOW IN ABOUT A HALF HOUR.

WE'LL SAIL RIGHT IN TO THE JETTY, MIKE THERE'S BOUND TO BE WATER NEARBY.

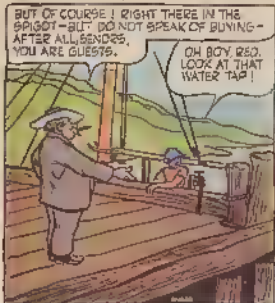
RED, THERE'S A MAN ON THE JETTY, HE'LL TELL US.

AM GOOD MORNING, SEÑORS, WELCOME TO BUENA VISTA ISLAND—OR WHAT REMAINS OF IT.

GOOD MORNING, SIR, DO YOU HAVE ANY WATER WE MAY BUY.

BUT OF COURSE! RIGHT THERE IN THE
SPIGOT—BUT DO NOT SPEAK OF BUYING—
AFTER ALL, SEÑORS,
YOU ARE GUESTS.

OH BOY, RED.
LOOK AT THAT
WATER TAP!

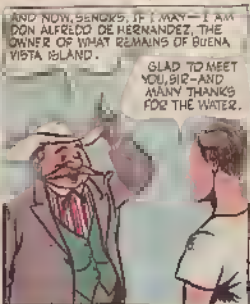


SEÑORS, YOU ARE THIRSTY MEN. AH YES! AND
WHAT ARE THESE—DOGS? THE FIRST DOGS ON
BUENA VISTA IN MANY YEARS!



AND NOW, SEÑORS, IF I MAY—I AM
DON ALFREDO DE HERNANDEZ, THE
OWNER OF WHAT REMAINS OF BUENA
VISTA ISLAND.

GLAD TO MEET
YOU, SIR—AND
MANY THANKS
FOR THE WATER.

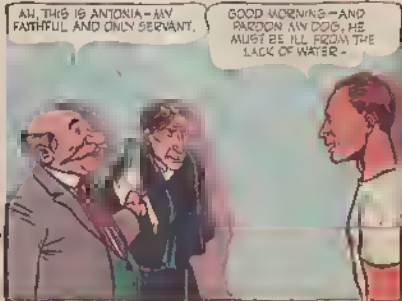


ROVER! WHERE ARE YOUR
MANNERS?



AH, THIS IS ANTONIA—MY
FAITHFUL AND ONLY SERVANT.

GOOD MORNING—AND
PARDON MY DOG. HE
MUST BE ILL FROM THE
LACK OF WATER—



ANTON! WE HAVE GUESTS, SO YOU
MUST PREPARE LUNCHEON
ACCORDINGLY -- YOU WILL OF COURSE
STAY, SENOR?



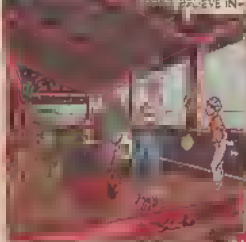
YOU MUST PARDON THE APPEARANCE
OF MY DOG -- IT IS BADLY
RUN DOWN --

SOME SORT OF
BLIGHT, SENOR?



YOU MIGHT CALL THAT --
A BLIGHT OF EVIL SPIRITS!

SURELY YOU
DON'T BELIEVE IN --



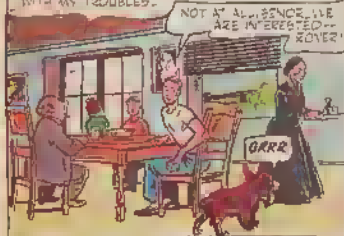
NO, BUT MY FIELD WORKERS DO
AND VERY LITTLE WORK HAS BEEN
DONE FOR THE LAST THREE YEARS
AS A RESULT!

YOU MEAN --
VOODOO, SIR?



OF A KIND YES, ALTHOUGH THIS COUNTRY IS BY NO
MEANS BACKWARD. THERE HAS BEEN A PROBLEM
WHO APPEARS AND WARNS MY FIELD -- AND NOT
TO WORK -- BUT WELL, I MUST NOT BURDEN YOU
WITH MY TROUBLES.

NOT AT ALL, SENOR. WE
ARE INTERESTED --
EVER.



I CAN'T UNDERSTAND HIM. THINK LITTLE
SIR -- HE NEVER ACTS
THE SAME.

OF IT SENOR, HE
IS, PERHAPS,
UPSET?





WHAT THE
DEVIL IS
THAT??

AHOORRO...



THERE, YOU HEAR, SENOR? THE
PRIESTESS IS PERFORMING AGAIN...
AND YES!



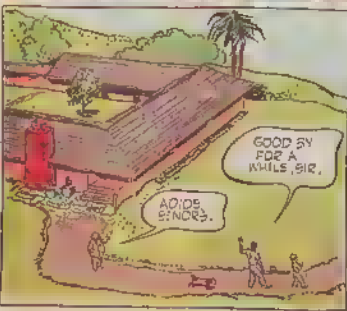
BUT WE WILL FORGET
BOTH THINGS... SENORS, MAY
I INVITE YOU TO STAY IN THE
HACIENDA WHILE YOU
REMAIN HERE?

THANK YOU,
SENOR. WE
WOULD LIKE TO BUT
FIRST WE MUST
TEND OUR BOAT!



OF COURSE, RETURN WHEN YOU
WILL AND BE ASSURED
OF WELCOME.

CAUTION,
ROVER!



GOOD BY
FOR A
WHILE, SIR.

ADIOS
SENORS.



STILL TICKLED TO BE
ASHORE AGAIN, ROVER
DUNS AHEAD INTO THE
THICK BRUSH.



BY GEORGE !
THAT'S JUST
WHO I'D LIKE
TO SEE !

NOT SO FAST, SENOR. I
TOO WOULD LIKE TO
LAY MY HANDS ON THE
HORRIBLE CREATURE
WHO RUINS ME AND
MY PEOPLE !

YOU MEAN -

PRECISELY, SENOR. THE
PRIESTESS - NO ONE HAS
EVER SEEN HER - SHE
SPEAKS THROUGH A
MASK I'M TOLD

BUT CAN'T
YOU CATCH
HER ?

NOT I, SENOR ! AND
THE NATIVES OF COURSE
WOULD NOT HELP FROM
AFRIGHT - WE'LL
GOOD NIGHT

NIGHT FALLS ON THE HACIENDA AND IN
THE HILLS A GENTLE SEA BREEZE STIRS
THE TREES. THE LAST LIGHT BLINKS OUT.

SLOWLY AND STEALTHILY
A SHADOW DETACHES
ITSELF FROM THE
HACIENDA - - - -

IN THE DARK OF RED'S
ROOM, ROVER SUDDENLY
GROWLS LOUDLY -
WAKING RED.



BETTER BRING YOUR LIGHT! WE'RE
CLOSE TO SOMETHING - I THINK YOU'LL
SEE YOUR PRIESTESS TONIGHT!

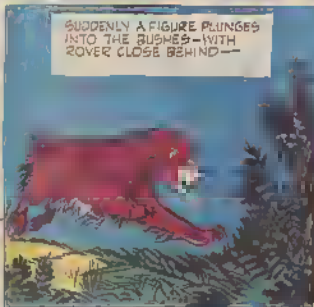
NAME OF
GOODNESS!
COULD IT BE
POSSIBLE!



C'MON!
THERE'S SOMEONE
RIGHT AHEAD
UP HERE, RUNNING!



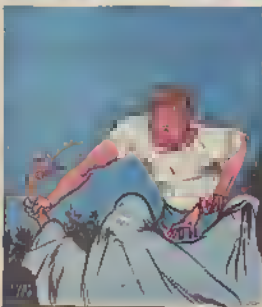
SUDDENLY A FIGURE PLUNGES
INTO THE BUSHES—WITH
ROVER CLOSE BEHIND—



A KNIFE FLASHES IN
THE MOONLIGHT AND
RED THROWS HIMSELF
ON THE SHADOWY FORM.



BRING A LIGHT DON'ALFREDO!
I THINK WE HAVE YOUR PRIESTESS
AND DOG KILLER AT LAST.



ANTONIA!

JUST AS I
THOUGHT, SIR!

BUT ANTONIA- WHY DID
YOU DO - IS - TO ME -
YOUR BENEFACTOR?

VERY WELL, FATHER -
YOU HAVE CAUGHT ME
WITH THIS ACCURSED
DOG! THIS IS MY IS, AND
FOR LONG AGO MY PEOPLE
OWNED IT UNTIL YOUR
FAMILY TOOK IT FROM THEM.

AND BECAUSE IT BELONGS TO ME, I WOULD
HAVE DRIVEN YOU INTO RUIN! EXCEPT FOR
THAT DOG! THAT IS WHY I HAVE KILLED
ALL DOGS THAT EVER CAME HERE, AND I
WOULD HAVE KILLED HIM, TOO - PERHAPS
TONIGHT.

BUT YOU, SENOR, CAME
TOO QUICKLY AFTER THE
DOG!

YOU ARE A
TOUGH ONE,
ANTONIA.

LATER IN THE
HACIENDA...

WELL, SIR, IT IS
INCREDIBLE
AND YET A
GOOD THING YOU
FOUND ALL
THIS OUT

SENOR - IT IS STILL
DIFFICULT TO BELIEVE -
I SHALL HAVE TO GET
RID OF HER OF
COURSE - BUT
ANTONIA!
INCREDIBLE!

SENORS, I MUST TELL YOU
HOW MUCH I OWE TO
YOU FOR YOUR HELP TO
ME - AND PARTICULARLY TO
SENOR ROVER - HE IS A
FINE DOG THAT ONE.

THANK YOU, DON
ALFREDO - AND WE
THINK ROVER'S ALL
RIGHT OURSELVES.
DON'T WE, MIKE?

GEE! I'LL
PAY, RED.

Jigger

STOP COMPLAININ',
WILL YA? I'M
HUNGRY
TOO!

SOMEHOW OR OTHER
: DON'T BEAM TO FEEL
AS BAD ABOUT YOU
BEIN' HUNGRY!

FURTHERMORE, YOU CAN'T BE
AS HUNGRY AS I AM-- LOOK AT THE WAY
MY RIBS ARE STICKIN'
OUT!

THAT'S
GOOD!

GOOD? N-A-S GOOD ABOUT IT?

EE-- YOU LOOK
LIKE A-EE-
RACING DOG! A
GREYHOUND!

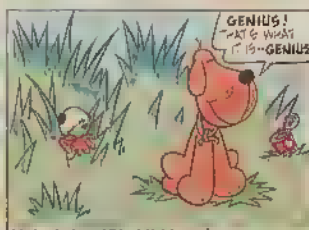
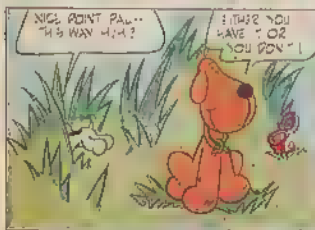
MAAN-- I G.F.F.B
I DO, AT THAT!

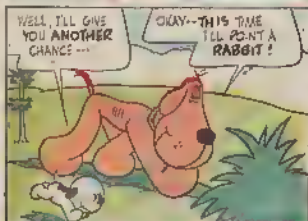
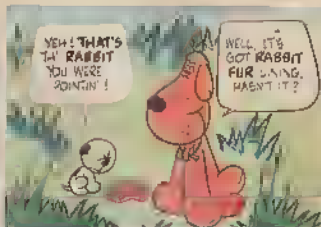
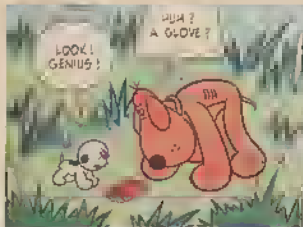
HEY TELL ME MY
GRANDFATHER
LOOKED SOMETHING
LIKE A
GREYHOUND!

C'MON, JIGGER! LET'S HAVE A
RACE!

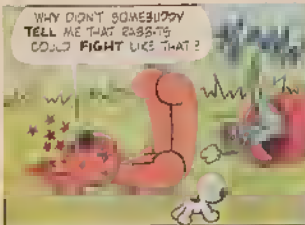
BOO

AW, NEVER MIND! WHAT'S
THE SEAS OF RINNIN'
AROUND ON A HOT
DAY LIKE THIS?





WHY DIDN'T SOMEBUDDY
TELL ME THAT RABBITS
COULD FIGHT LIKE THAT?



LISTEN THAT WAS A
CAT, PAL! YOU POINTED
A CAT!

GOSH! I KNEW
THERE WAS
SOMETHING
FAMILIAR ABOUT
IT!



LET'S GO---THIS TIME IT'S GONNA
BE A RABBIT!

I
HOPE
SO!



HEY! I'M POINTIN'
AGAIN!



I'LL GET 'IM!

HEY, WAIT! NOT
THAT WAY!



WELL, WHICH
WAY?

BEHIND ME!
WHERE I'M POINTIN'
WITH MY LEG!



SAY, WHAT'S
THE 'DEA?

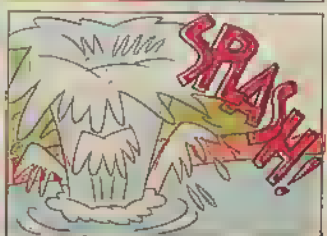
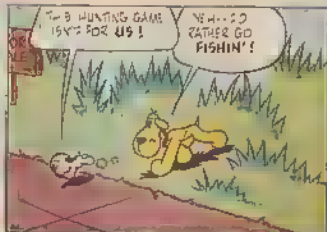
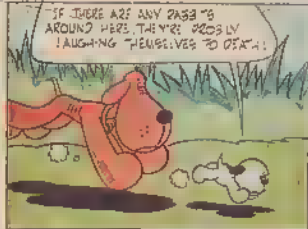
I'M NOT GONNA POINT
HEAD FIRST--NOT AFTER
WHAT THAT CAT DID TO ME!



AREN'T YOU GONNA
GO AFTER HIM?

AW, NEVER
MIND--YOU'RE
HOPELESS!





MISSED HIM.
DOGGONE
IT!

THERE HE IS
AGAIN!

**W
S
P
L
A
S
H!**

I DIDN'T SEE
ANY FISH!

MISSED HIM AGAIN...
WELL... MIGHT HE'LL
COME BACK!

BORE! SOON!
THERE HE IS
AGAIN!

HEY, WAIT!

**S
P
L
A
S
H!**

LISTEN, YA
DOGS!

MISSED
AGAIN!

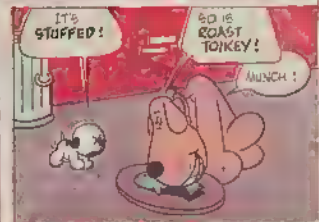
THAT'S YOUR
REFLECTION
DOWN THERE!

ME? GOSH, SO IT
IS... I SHOULD
KNOW A FISH
COULDN'T BE
THAT
HANDSOME!





WHY
NOT?



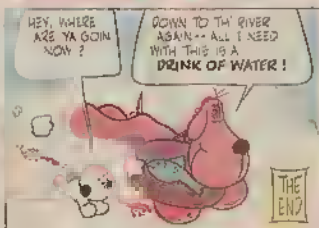
SO IS
ROAST
TOURKEY!

MUNCH!



---MMMM-- IT IS A
LITTLE DRY!

MUNCH
MUNCH!



DOWN TO TH' RIVER
AGAIN-- ALL I NEED
WITH THIS IS A
DRINK OF WATER!

THE
END

ALBERT

and

POGO

NO TWO WAYS
'BOUT IT, ALBERT.
LIVIN' IN DE
SWAMP IS
PARADISE
EENOW

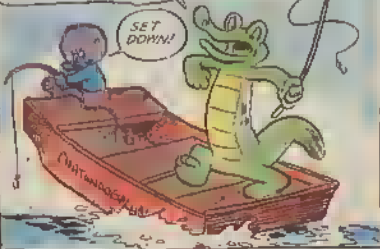
WHO DISH YERE
PAIR O' DICE
EENOW?



'MINDS ME OF A RIVER BOAT
CHARACTER NAME OF PINOCHLE
NOONAN... DAT BOY OWE ME
A STOVE-IN HAT HE BORRY
FO' HIS LIL BOYS WEDDIN'

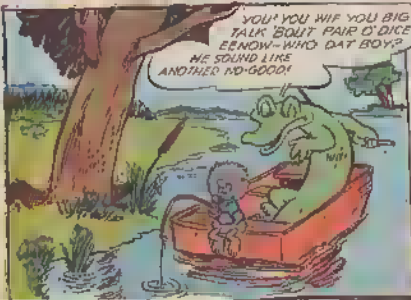
BY DOGIES, AH WON'T HAVE IT! FOLKS
FLIMMIN' AND FLAMMIN' ME RIGHT
AND LEFT OVER FIST!

SET
DOWN!



YOU! YOU WIF YOU BIG
TALK 'BOUT PAIR O' DICE
EENOW-WHO DAT BOY?
HE SOUND LIKE
ANOTHER NO-GOOD!

DAT WAS JES' A QUOTE
F'UM DE RUBY-EYES OF
HOMER KAYAK! YOUR
LACK OF BREEDIN' IS
CORN-SIDERABLE AMAZIN'.
MISTUH ALBERT!



OH, AH DUNNO, MISTUH
POSSUM-AH BETS AH
JES' AS REE-FINED,
EDUCATED, AND
HANDSOME AS
DE NEXT!

AS DE NEXT
WHUT? DE NEXT
STREET CAR?



WURRY! AH GOT
A BITE-IN FACK!
AH GOT A FISH!



HEY, BIRD!
YOU STEALIN'
MA FISH!



LOOKY DERE! DAT BIRD
DONE COLLAPSE!



WHY DAT PORE BIRD
WAS SO HONGRY NE
DONE FAINTED!

DE PORE FING MUS
BE NEAR DEATH -
US BETTER TAKE
HIM HOME AN' MAKE
HIM A PAIL O' SOUP



AMLL RESH AHAIID CLEARIN'
DE WAY AN' FREE-PARIN' FO'
DE STRICKEN MAN!

GOOD-AN'LL
BRING DE
CASUALTY
IN GENTLE
AN' KEERFUL

GANGWAY, GANGWAY-LOOK OUT
FO' DE GOOD SAMARITANS-US
GOT A FO' UNFOTUNATE BIRD-
CLEAR DE WAY!

CLEAR DE WAY!

WHUFFO?

NEMMINE WHUFFO! DE VOICE OF
AUTHORITY SAY "CLEAR" AN' YOU
JES' CLEARS!

YASSUH

AM CLEARIN' DE WAY FO' POGO
IF YO' MUS' KNOW- GANGWAY!

POGO!

YEOWP!

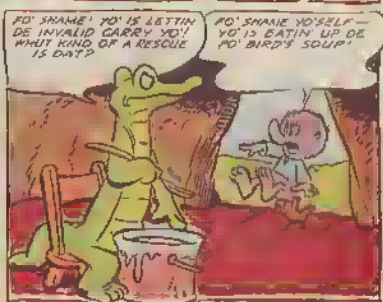
DAT FO' YO'
NIGHTMARED
WAYS!

WHUT DE MATTER WIF YO-?
YO' XNER-PEARIN' WIF MA
RESCUE OF DE PO' BIRD

AH IS
REVENGIN'
MYSELF...

AH GOT SHAVED
ROUND BY ALBERT
ON ACCOUNT
OF YO'!

BUT YO' IS DISABLE A
GOOD SAMARITAN- NOW
DE BIRD DOESN'T GIT HIS
SQUARE MEAL AND ALL
DE COMFORTS OF HOME!



SHO' NUFF! IT'S DEE-LISHUS!

DAT'S DE
PINAL STRAW!
YO' DOESN'T
PLAY CRICKET!

IT SO HAPPEN AN HEERD YO'
DISCUSSION ABOUT BEIN'
REE-FINED. AN' IT SO HAPPEN
AM IS A ENGLISH SPARROW—
ONE OF DE MOST HIGH-TONE
BIRDS IN DE BUSINESS

HERE, BIRD, SOOFLE UP A
LITTLE OF DIS—IT'S A LITTLE
MUDDY BUT DAT'S GOOD
FO' YOU

AMMP!

IF YO' WANTS TO BE MO' REE-
FINED AN KIN TEACH YO', FO'
A FEE, OF CO'SE, SOON AS
YO' FINISH
RESCUIN' ME

YO' SHOULD IMPROVE
YO' MANNERS—PLAY
CRICKET—DRINK TEA—
LIE' DE PINKY WHEN
YO' HOLDS DE CUP

DOAN USE
UP ALL YO'
STRENF!

GLOOF!

DERE HE GO AGAIN

DE SOUP OGAN
SEEM TO BE GVIN'
NIM DE STRENF
HE NEDD

DAT'S FUNNY-AH PUT PLENNY OF
STRONG FINGS IN DERE-AH FEELS
A STRONG OK SHOE, A PLUG OF ADAMS
EATIN' TOBACCOER, A STRONG DASH OF
KEROSENE, FO' OR FIVE BID ROCKS, A
PECE OF-

BY JINGY AH B'LEVE DISH
YERE BIRD IS A FAKIN' HERE,
EAT UP SOME 'SOUP-IT'S
BOUND TO MAKE YOU
GIT PERRY.

KEERFUL! YO'
KIN KILL HIM
WIF KINDNESS,
TOO, YO' KNOWS'

HALP

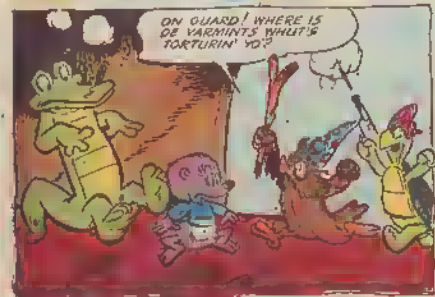
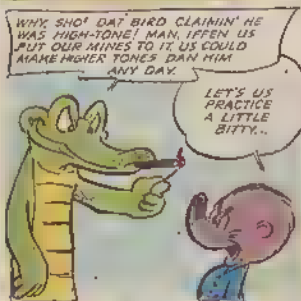
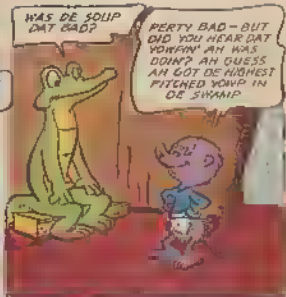
DE MAN DONE
SOUPIN' ME
TO DEATH!

FUNNY HE DOAN LIKE IT-
MA AUNT CONCERTINA
LEF' ME DAT RECIPE
IN HER WILL-IT'S
A LEGACY

MMUPME!?

WOOF! NOW AH
KNOWS WHUT KILL YO'
AUNT CONCERTINA!

YO' MEANS
IT AIN'T
DEE-LICORICE?



SINCE YO' BOYS BUST IN UNEXPECTED YO' GOTTA
TAKE POTLUCK - HAVE SOME SOUR

IS DAT
YO' AUNT
CONCERTINA'S
FANDUS RECIPE?



EAT HEARTY, MENS,
DEY IS MO' IF
YO' WANTS,
AN' AH KNOWS
YO' WILL,



IT AIN'T
CRICKET
TO MAKE US
EAT DISH YERE
DEE' LISHUS
DISH-
WATER.



WHY OWL? DOES YO' KNOW HOW TO
PLAY CRICKET? DE ENGLISH SPARKER
SAY ITS A MIGHTY REE-FINED GAME
WHUT US OUGHT TO PLAY.

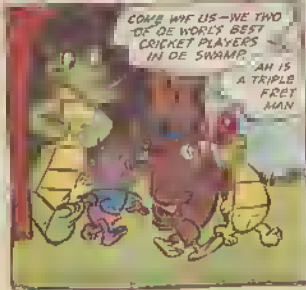


NATURAL! ALL OF US
WELL-TRAVELED
FOLKS IS KNOW
HOW TO PLAY
CRICKET



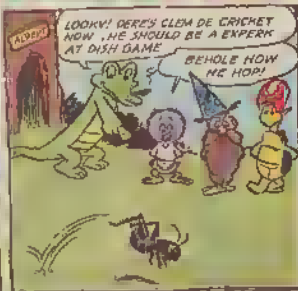
COME WIF US - WE TWO
OF DE WORL'S BEST
CRICKET PLAYERS
IN DE SWAMP.

AH IS
A TRIPLE
FRET
MAN



LOOKY! DERES CLEM DE CRICKET
NOW ,HE SHOULD BE A EXPERT
AT DISH GAME

BEHOLE HOW
HE HOP!





LOOKY! AH BETCHA AH KIN
PLAY CRICKET WIFOUT
LESSONS.

GOODD BOY, ALBERT!
DAT SHOW YO' IS
REE-FINED.



NUFFIN' TO IT!
WE IS GOOD
CRICKET PLAYERS!

MAN! US GETTIN'
REE-FINED HANDOVER
FOOTS!

NO, NO,
NO!



WHUT YO' MEANS "NO"? US
PROGRESSIN' BY LEAPS
AN' BOUNCE.

YO' IS
JELLIES!

NOSSIR!



GENTLYNTE, DE GAME OF CRICKET IS PLAY
BY DE HIGH TYPE FOLKS SINCE TIME
IMMEMEMERBL... ALLUS DEY PLAYS IT
WIF A BAT AN' BALL--ALMOST
LIKE BASEBALL.

AN BEARS HIM
OUT--AH IS HIS
ACCOMPLICE



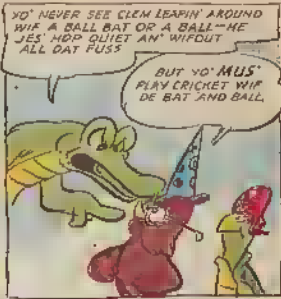
MAN! DEY FROWS DE BALL! DE MAN
KLUNK IT WIF DE BAT--SOMEBODY TRY
TO COTCH IT--DE FOLKS ALL HOLLER--
DE EOPS GIT INTO DE GAME!

DEN DEY
SERVES
TEA.

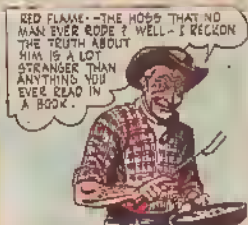
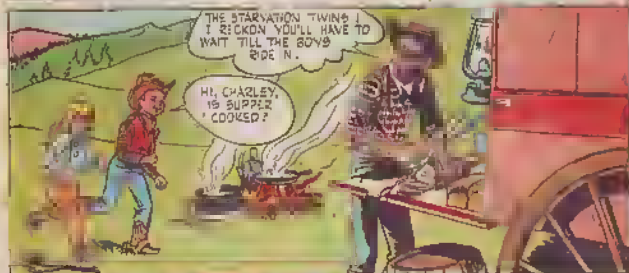


LISSEN, MISTUH HOWLAN' OWL, AH
KNOWS CLEM DE CRICKET FO' THREE
YEAR--IN ALL DAT TIME HE NEVER DO
NUFFIN' LIKE DAT--HE DONT EVEN
LIKE TEA...

SO
WHUT?!



Chuckwagon Charley's Jales

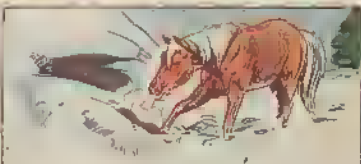




ED BARKS, THE MARE'S OWNER
CALHT ONE: SCIMPES OF THEM,
RUNNIN' NECK-AND-NECK.



ED WAS PLENTY MAD AND SWORE HE'D
SPARE NEITHER MEN NOR MULES TO
CATCH 'EM-- BUT WINTER CAME QUICK
THAT YEAR, AND ED WAS PLUMB BUSY
KEEPIN' HIS STOCK ALIVE.



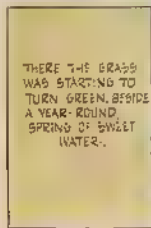
SOME OF THE WILD HORSES STARVED AND FROZE
IN THE BLIZZARDS, BUT, COME SPRING, THE
PAIDMIND MARE WAS PLANNIN' FOR HER
YOUNG ONE.



SHE'D FOUND WHAT LOOKED TO BE A CAVE
IN THE RIMROCK...



---PUT THE CAVE HAD A BACK DOOR! AND
BEYOND THAT WAS A SMALL, SHELTERED VALLEY.

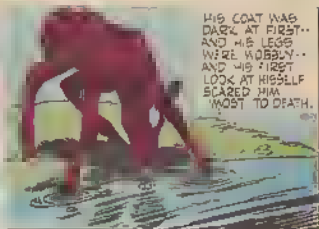


THERE THE GRASS
WAS STARTING TO
TURN GREEN, BESIDE
A YEAR-ROUND
SPRING OF SWEET
WATER.





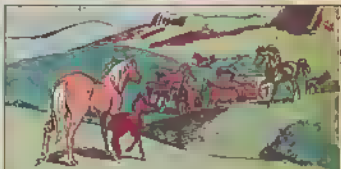
BY THAT BUBBLING SPRING RED FLAME WAS BORN--AND MO-TO PROUD HIS MOTHER WAS OF HIM!



HIS COAT WAS DARK AT FIRST--AND HIS LEGS WERE WOBBLY--AND HIS FIRST LOOK AT HISSELF SCARED HIM MOST TO DEATH.



TWO WEEKS OF THAT RICH GRASS BROUGHT BACK THE MARE'S STRENGTH AND MADE HER BABY PLUMP BABY.



3-4: 75.- I WAS ABOUT TIME TO JOIN THE BLACK HORSE'S HERD AGAIN.



THAT SAME MORNING ED BARKS MOVED HIS BUCKAROO'S OUT INTO THE GRASS AND STARTED MAP-PIING A BIG HORSE HUNT.

HIS RIDER JUMPED HALF A DOZEN WILD BUNCHES BEFORE THEY GOT SIGHT OF THE BIG BLACK'S HERO.





SOME OF THE SPRING COLTS DROPPED
BEHIND—BUT NOT RED FLAME.



NIGHT AND DAY ED BANK'S BUCKAROO'S
KEPT THE WILD OREGANS ON THE MOVE.



WITH MIGHTY LITTLE TIME TO EAT OR
EVEN DRINK, ONLY THE STRONGEST
AND WILDEST WILD CO.



THE REST OF 'EM STARVED AND RUN
DOWN, WERE HAZED BACK TO ED'S
MAIN CAMP.



AT LAST ONLY
RED FLAME, THE
BLACK LEADER,
AND THE PALOMINO
MARE WERE LEFT
TO FIGHT THE
HOSS HUNTER'S
NET.



WHEN THE CLOSING CIRCLE OF GRAY-FED HORSES FINALLY SOBBED THOSE THREE INTO A BOX CANYON TRAP-----



ED BANKS FLEW - & HAT IN THE AIR AND HOWLED LIKE A WOLF.



"WE'VE GOT TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS WORTH OF MOSS-FLESH C'RALED, BOYS," HE SAID. "BRING A FENCE TO CLOSE THIS GAP BEFORE WE ROPE THE THREE OF 'EM."



ED'S FENCE WENT UP QUICK--TWO BOLTS OF CANVAS OVER EIGHT FOOT IRON POSTS.



ED'S EYES FAIRLY POPPED WHEN HE GOT A CLOSE LOOK AT THE RED CHESTN--COLT WITH THE CREAMY MANE AND TAIL.



"HIS WIDE IS LIKE A RED FLAME!" BANKS WHOPPED. "HE'S WORTH BOTH THE OTHERS--DON'T LET HIM GET FUZZ!"



THE NEXT MOMENT, ED WAS LOOKIN' DEATH
SQUARE IN THE FACE.



THE WILD HERD'S LEADER STRUCK ED'S
HORSE LIKE A THUNDERBOLT, KNOCKED
HIM CLEAN OFF HIS FEET.



THE TWO NEAREST RIFES TRIED TO ROPE THE BLACK AS
HE PASSED... BUT THEY WEREN'T QUICK ENOUGH.



ED BANKS GOT UP WITH A
BUSTED LEG. GET THAT HORSE,
HE YELLED TO HIS MEN. THE
FENCE WOULDN'T HOLD HIM
LONG.



ED WAS RIGHT. THE FENCE COULDN'T STOP
THAT WILD ORIANA... BUT IT SAVED HIM
JUST ENOUGH FOR PETER WIDDING'S ROPE.



ONLY THE QUICKEST
WORK SAVED PETER'S
BALCON. THAT ORIANA
WAS BATTLE, MURDER,
AND SUDDEN DEATH
ROLLED INTO ONE.



A LOOP CALLED HIS FORELEGS AND SENT HIM END-OVER-END ALONG THE ROCKS.



HE NEVER MOVED AFTER THAT -- A S-ARD ROCK HAD SPLIT HIS SKULL AS HE LANDED.



THE HARE FIVE UP THE ANGLE 5-6 FEET THE ROPE ON HER.

BUT WHEN THEY LOOKED FOR RED FLAME, THE COLT WAS COMING THE CANYON WALL LIKE A GORY.



HE'D SHOTTER A HOLE, NO MORE THAN THREE FEET HIGH -- ABOUT TWENTY FEET UP FROM THE GROUND -- AND SOMEHOW, HE MADE IT.



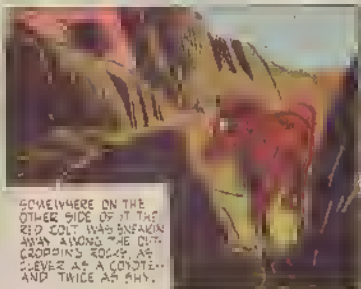
THERE WAS NO ROOM TO STRAIGHTEN HIS LONG LEGS.. SO HE DOGGIED EM UP AND CRAWLED.



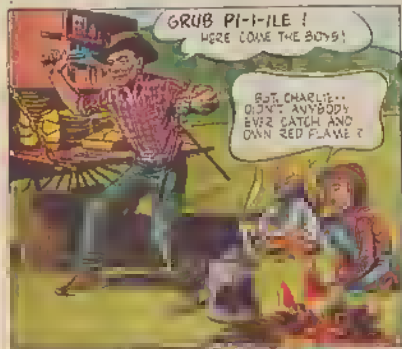
AFTER TWO OR THREE TRIES, FITE WIGGINS GOT UP THERE.. BUT HE COULDN'T BELIEVE HIS EYES.



THAT .D.E WENT STRAIGHT THROUGH TO DAYLIGHT.. AND WAS AS EMPTY AS A RICE BARREL!



SOMEWHERE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF IT THE RED COLT WAS BREAKIN AWAY AMONG THE BUTT CROPPIN'S ROCKS, AS SLEVEZ AS A COYOTE.. AND TWICE AS SHY.



GRUB PI-I-ILE !
HERE COME THE BOYS!

BUT CHARLIE.. DIDN'T ANYBODY EVER CATCH AND OWN RED FLAME ?



RED FLAME STILL ROAMS THE RIMROCK OF THESE OWYHEE BRACKES.. AND ONLY ONE HUMAN BEN' EVER WON HIS FRIENDSHIP.. BUT THAT, KIDS, IS ANOTHER STORY.

NIBS

A LITTLE DEER of the ADIRONDACKS

by Don Lang

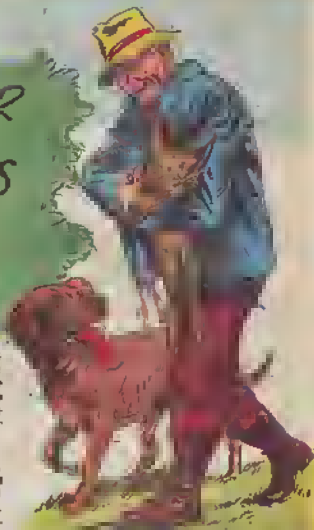
Drawings by
M. Gollub

Old Jim—Jim Barkley, his name was—was wandering about through the forest in the Adirondacks one day with his dog, Rip. Rip was a fine deerhound. He would sooner go deer hunting than go snooping around the neighbors' back porches, upsetting their garbage cans every time he had a chance.

So they were just wandering about, enjoying the woods together and loafing along, when all at once Jim spied something lying at the foot of a big oak tree. At first it puzzled him. From where he was standing, he couldn't make out just what the thing was. So he caught hold of Rip and very, very cautiously they crept up on it. And they soon discovered what it was. It was a deer—a fawn just a few days old.

When it saw Jim and the dog coming, it commenced to struggle, frantically trying to get away. But it couldn't get up. Its right leg dangled, useless. Broken! After a second or two, it just gave up the struggle and lay there, looking up at the pair of them.

Those great big brown misty eyes, so frightened, looking up at him pleading with him so, touched him clear to the heart. He commenced figuring to himself what to do about it. He knew if he left it there and went on about his business, it would die for sure. He couldn't leave it. That was out of the question. So, Jim just gathered the little thing up in his arms, as gently as he could, stuck it under his coat and carried it on back home with him.



Then, when Jim got home, it was a piece. Between the whole family of them, a mother and two children, they managed, somehow or other, to get the broken leg wrapped up with splints. Then they fixed the little fawn nice and comfortable in a basket by the fire in the kitchen and taught it to drink milk from a bottle. That was the start of Nibs, the little orphan deer at the Adirondacks.

It wasn't long before the little rascal was galloping around the house as good as new, making a general nuisance of himself. He was always up to some mischief, chewing up things worse than a puppy. As a matter of fact, things got so bad, Jim figured something would have to be done about it. Either he and the family would have to move out or else the deer would. The house wasn't big enough for all of them. So naturally, Jim put Nibs out, turned him loose to go on about his

business up in the woods!

But Nibs had something to say about that. Jim's home was his home, the only home he knew, and he wasn't going to leave it—not if he could help it, he wasn't. The forest held no charms for him. He knew nothing about the ways of the wild and, what is more, he didn't want to. All he knew was that he loved people. He loved to tear around and play with children and especially he loved that old hound dog, Rip. The two of them were always together. No matter where the hound would go—visiting around from place to place in the village, taking care of his garbage route and eating on friends, Nibs was always with him, tagging along like a shadow. There was a great friendship! A deer and a deerhound!

And not only that, it even got so that whenever Nibs saw anyone coming past the house, he would dash out to meet them and escort them up the road a way, nosing into their hands, begging for something good. He was a character, that little deer was, and everybody up there knew him and loved him and usually had a lump of sugar or an apple or something ready for him when he came around.

But, finally, all that business bothered Jim. The deer was so friendly with everybody and he was chasing out in the road so much that Jim was afraid something would happen to him. He might easily get run over. So Jim went to work and fenced in a big yard and made Nibs stay there.

Then one day a stranger came to town. It was the game warden! He had heard all about the famous Nibs and he came to warn Jim that it was against the law to keep a deer in captivity. He would have to get rid of it or else be locked up. Now that didn't seem

just right to Jim, but he knew a law was a law no matter what he thought about it, so he hustled Nibs off to the forest and turned him loose.

The next morning, the very first thing when Jim came down and opened the kitchen door, there was Nibs, all curled up on the back porch with Rip.

So Jim tried it again, but it didn't do any good. The little rascal was back home as fast as he was turned loose, almost. After that, Jim decided that he wasn't going to spend all his time fooling around trying to make a deer stay away from his home. So he just gave up trying, didn't pay any more attention to the deer, and went on about his business.

And so the summer went by. Nibs grew a fine set of antlers—his first! And he was as proud and boastful of them as a boy is of a new jackknife.

The chill gray days of November came along. The frost hit the thorn apples and they were gone.

Then came another visit from the game warden. When he saw Nibs still around the place, he was mad. But, instead of locking Jim up, he packed Nibs into his automobile and drove away with him. For miles and miles he drove, until finally he came to a dense part of the forest, way up there in the mountains. There he turned Nibs loose and left him.

Now Nibs didn't mind that! Not a bit of it! He thought it was great sport to be out there like that. He was grazing away on grass and leaves and things, having the time of his life, when he happened to look up and there, standing eyeing him, very suspiciously, were a couple of other deer.





Old Nibs was delighted at the idea of these new friends so he started over to join them and get acquainted. But they edged away from him—scanned him—wouldn't have a thing to do with him. They knew he was a stranger to the forest. And just then, without any ceremony, they turned on poor Nibs. They stomped their feet and lowered their heads and started in to attack him. He couldn't understand all that. Nibs couldn't. It frightened him. So he decided to go home as fast as his slender legs would carry him.

Night began to fall. It got pitch dark and Nibs didn't know where he was. But on and on he ran. Every once in a while, he'd stop, throw his head up, sniff the cold frisky air, trying for that sense of direction that would lead him home. But it didn't come to him. Not this time. He was really lost—lost in the forest.

Pretty soon, the big round harvest moon showed itself, and immediately the whole forest became alive with the strangest shapes and noises. All around him, in every direction, he heard the ghostly chatter and call of the big owls as they croaked their bills and hooted back and forth at each other from the tallest trees. And the faster Nibs ran, the closer they sounded to him.

Just then, he ran plumb up on something. He never did know what that was. It growled and snarled at him as he raced by. On every side, he heard the high-pitched squeaky barking of the red foxes, as they jacked and played games together in the moonlight. The whole forest seemed to be alive with wailing, crying things, cutting off his every chance of escape.

Everything was after him, he figured. Everything knew he was a stranger to the forest and was trying to stop him. But on he ran, that poor frightened deer, frantically trying to get home.

On and on, through the night he ran. Then pretty soon, the first thing he knew, here it was the crack of day. The sun was coming up and all around the trees were alive with the happy chattering of birds and squirrels.

Just then, Nibs perked up. His nose was fanned by a familiar scent. He recognized it instantly. It was the friendly scent of human beings.

A little further on, he heard voices. He stopped, picked his ears forward, listened! Then peering through the underbrush he saw three men standing some distance in front of him. Each wore a brilliant red cap and carried a bright shiny stick. They were hunters out for the first day's sport.

With a bound of joy at the sight of human beings, Nibs leaped from the bushes and dashed toward them. Bang! Bang! A stinging, burning jolt stopped Nibs short, hurled him up in the air, then crashed him to the ground.

Dazed and puzzled, he lay there, and a terrible pain came over him. Then he saw these new enemies sneaking up on him. He tried his best to get to his feet. He struggled and struggled. He made it and started off through the forest again. There was a shout! But Nibs ran on.

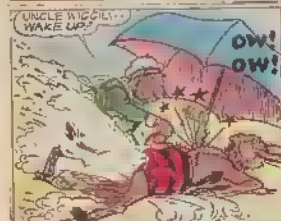
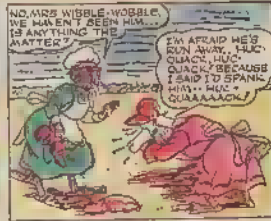
Then gradually he got weaker and weaker. He wanted to stop and rest. He wanted water. He was so thirsty and so tired. But on every side, he could hear that one call. Home! Home! He never let up. It kept on urging, coaxing, pleading.

Then, all of a sudden, he stumbled out into a clearing—a village. It was his own village, quiet and peaceful. And there was Rip, waiting for him. All night long, Rip had hunted for him. Rip had tried his best to pick up the trail but couldn't. So he had waited right there at the edge of the village. With barks of joy, he dashed up to Nibs, tussled over him and snarled at him. Then sadly Rip fell in behind as if he understood what had happened.

Down the road Nibs dragged, through the town, past his old familiar haunts, on down to the yard, the yard he knew, the place he loved. Then slowly he staggered, getting weaker, around the corner of the house to the back door and sank exhausted on the porch. He was home.

The dying deer lay there, contented at last, while over him stood Rip, his faithful old dog friend, his head thrown back, mournfully howling. A hound's farewell!

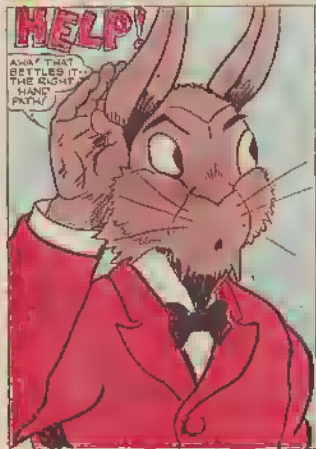
UNCLE WIGGILY



WELL, I DON'T MIND A LITTLE WALK THIS MORN-
ING... THAT SANDRATH TOOK AWAY MY RHEU-
MATISM...



NOW, LET ME SEE... WHERE WOULD ANYBODY RUN
AWAY TO, FROM THE SEA?
SHORE!



HERE IT COMES!



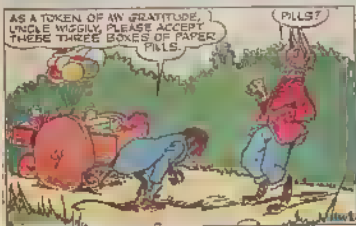
WHY DIDN'T YOU LEAVE THE CART AND GO FOR HELP?

AND LET THE WET SPOIL ALL MY GOODS? NO BREE!



AS A TOKEN OF MY GRATITUDE, UNCLE WIGGILY, PLEASE ACCEPT THESE THREE BOXES OF PAPER PILLS.

PILLS?



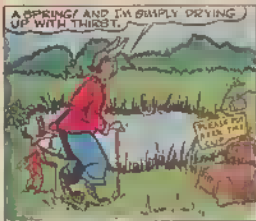
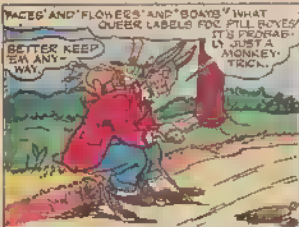
YES... THEY MAY HELP YOU OUT OF A SCRAPE SOMETIME... JUST THROW ONE INTO SOME WATER THE NEXT TIME YOU'RE IN TROUBLE.

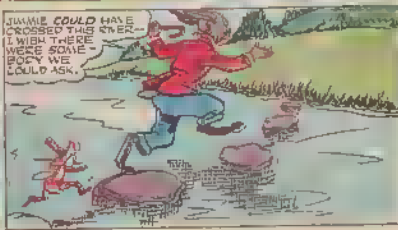
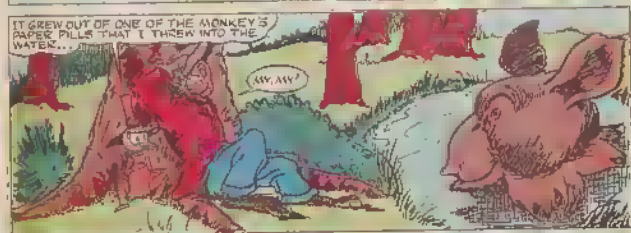
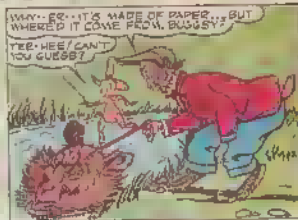


BYE, UNCLE WIGGILY, I'LL SEE YOU AGAIN.

NOW, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT?





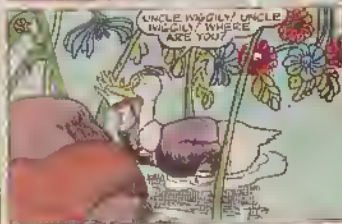


HELLO, UNCLE WIGGILY!
WERE YOU LOOKING FOR
SOMETHING?

OH YEA
SKILLERY
SCALLYBY
ALLIGATOR?

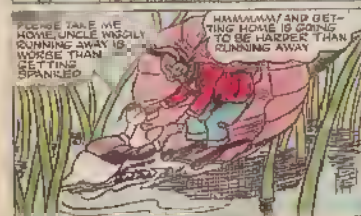
IT WILL TAKE MORE
THAN ONE PILL
TO GET US OUT
OF THIS JAW!



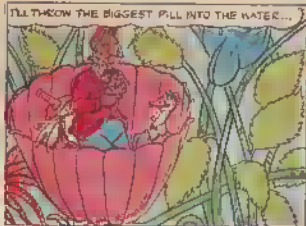


WHY, JIMMIE WIBBLE-WOBBLE! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?

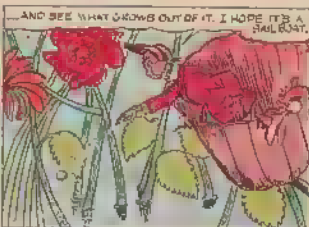
HIDING BEHIND A ROCK, UNCLE WIGGILY.



...I'LL THROW THE BIGGEST PILL INTO THE WATER...



...AND SEE WHAT GROWS OUT OF IT. I HOPE IT'S A
SAIL BOAT.



HURRAAAA! "OH, BOY! ALL FROM ONE LITTLE
PAPER PILL!"



JUMP IN, JIMMIE, BEFORE
SHE DRIFTS AWAY... HURRY!



THESE PILLS ARE TOO VALUABLE TO
TAKE ANY CHANCES WITH... I'LL
BUTTON THEM SAFE INTO MY
WATERPROOF POCKET.

BUTTON ME IN, TOO... I
DON'T TRUST THIS
PAPER BOAT.

NONSENSE, BUGGY! THIS CRAFT IS
ENTIRELY SEA-WORTHY.

LOOK... THOSE ARE
COTTAGES, JIMMIE!

AND THERE'S MOM AND NURSE
JANE-- THEY SEE US!

LOOK OUT,
UNCLE WIGGILY!

I KNEW IT-- AND I CAN'T
SWIM!

OH, MY! A
BIG COMBER--!



CON'T WORRY, LADIES! A
LITTLE WETTING WON'T HURT
US.



JIMMIE WISSE-WOBBLE!
I HAVE A MIND TO SPANK
YOU FOR MAKING ME
WORRY SO.

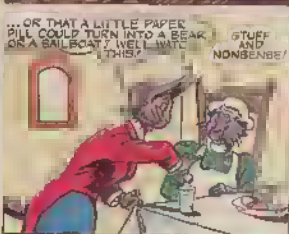
GIVE ME THAT WET
COAT... QUICK,
HAGGILY LONGEARS!



WIGGILY, I DON'T BELIEVE
A WORD OF
THAT STORY.



HO, HO! SO YOU DON'T
THINK I EVER MET A
RED MONKEY!



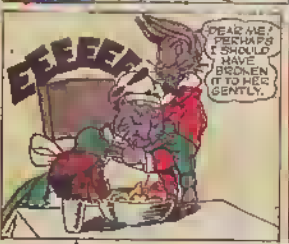
...OR THAT A LITTLE PAPER
PILL COULD TURN INTO A BEAK
OR A SAILBOAT? WELL, WATCH
THIS!

STUFF
AND
NONSENSE!



WHAT DO YOU SEE THERE,
MURGE JANE?

IT'S GROSS-- NO
I WON'T BELIEVE
IT



EEEEEE!

DEAR ME,
PERHAPS
I SHOULD
HAVE
BROKEN
IT TO HER
GENTLY.



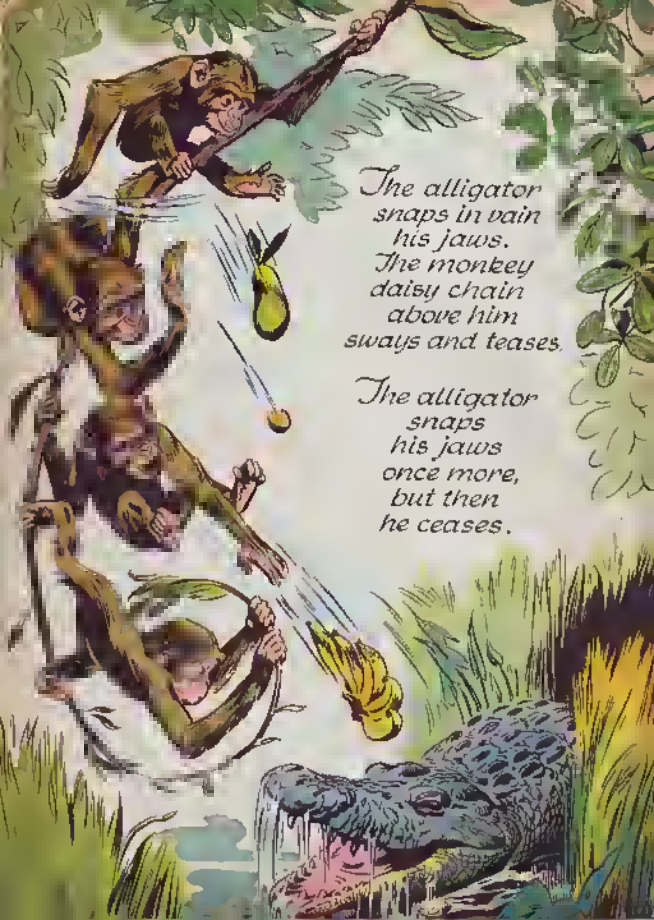
HELLO, FOLKS! COULD I
INTEREST YOU IN SOME
PRETTY PAPER
TRICKS...?

NO, I'VE BEEN TOO
MUCH OF YOU AL-
READY!

PHOTO 100

NEW YORK ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY PHOTO



An illustration depicting a scene from a story. Three brown monkeys are hanging from a thick, dark vine that hangs from the top of the frame. The monkeys are arranged vertically, with the top monkey looking down, the middle monkey looking forward, and the bottom monkey looking towards the right. Below them, an alligator is partially visible, its head and open mouth snapping towards the monkeys. The alligator's mouth is wide open, showing sharp teeth and a pink interior. The background consists of green foliage and leaves. The text is written in a stylized, cursive font on the right side of the page.

*The alligator
snaps in vain
his jaws.
The monkey
daisy chain
above him
sways and teases.*

*The alligator
snaps
his jaws
once more,
but then
he ceases.*